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SUNDAY, AUGUST 23, 1914.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH and Breakfast
are served together with unlimited regu-
larity in the best homes of Richmond.
Is your morning program complete?

Move Up to the Front, Please!
STREET cars stop on the near side of the
street corners to-day and every day here-
after. No more will time be wasted by numer-
ous stops at switches on both sides of the street,
and no more will cross-town traffic be delayed
unnecessarily. The change is a wise one, but
there is still another which will benefit the
patrons of the cars. While the cars are stop-
ping on the near side, those who enter should
stop at the far end. Too many now stop at
or near the entrance and block those who en-
ter after them. If they would continue on
to the front, they would leave more room in
the rear and greatly minimize the congestion.
Everybody who has ever ridden on a
street car knows this, but not all of them
act upon the knowledge. These can make a
greater improvement in service than that in-
augurated to-day, by moving up to the front.

Realists at Work
RECENTLY the Chicago Herald asked
whether the literary output that will
undoubtedly be inspired by the present war in
Europe will be in the nature of "half-baked,"
romanticism lauding war to the skies, or
shall we see the realists take hold of the
world's great tragedy and write it as it is,
"not wholly black at every point, but dark
and terrible and sinister upon the whole?"
and answered its own question this way:

This is the answer: We shall have
foolish, romantic glorification or sane,
realistic treatment, according to the
state of mind of the writer. Writers
supply the public demand. They react
to public sentiment, and thus become
popular-famous.
If it be true that the treatment of the
theme by the writers will be according to
public sentiment, the work will be done by
the realists; the romanticists will be at a dis-
count. In fact, the realists have already
taken hold. Little has been written so far,
and that little is poetry, but nearly every
writer ignores the tinsel frame of glory and
sees straight to the death, destruction and
suffering in the picture itself. They are com-
posing not war lyrics, but dirges.

Elihu Root, Politician
THERE are, unfortunately, two Mr. Roots.
One is the senior United States Senator
from the State of New York, a serene public
servant, of splendid mental qualifications and
of commanding oratorical powers—a states-
man, a scholar, and a patriot. The other
Elihu Root is a "big" New York politician,
willing to lower his green talents in the effort
to whip the Republican party into shape.
This he proved the other day in his ad-
dress as temporary chairman of the queer
convention of the New York Republican State
Convention, a convention, by the way, which
does not possess the power of selecting can-
didates, who are to be chosen by the voters
at the primaries.

William Barnes himself could not have
surpassed Mr. Root in the cold-fashioned
terms of that address. Everything the
Democratic administration had done was
badly done—the tariff, the financial system,
the attitude towards the trusts, all the clap-
trap of the regular political hack in an an-
telection talk to the members of his own
party. From Mr. Barnes or from T. R. that
sort of thing comes readily and properly
enough, and does not cause the hearer to
blush, as he must when a really big man
lowers himself.

But the American people have come to re-
gard Senator Root as a national figure, and
not at all as a State politician. They have
asked the New York voters to keep his pro-
found mind in the service of the country.
They wish that Senator Root would not al-
low Elihu Root to speak at party conven-
tions. The atmosphere is bad for the
Senator.

The White Slave Bogie
A GERMAN police and sociological expert
has branded the white slave agitation
as revolving mostly around a bogie. Since
we have had much of the same hysteria in
this country, the characterization interests
us also.

Every man of normal mind and spirit must
have sympathy with the effort to lessen vice
and prostitution. Yet, we must face facts
as they exist, and not as we think they exist,
and strip them of melodrama, if progress is
to be substantial and permanent.

There is, unquestionably, an element of
commercialism in vice. There is an element
of organization. There is a semblance of
truth in the vast chaff about the "white
slave," just as there was a semblance of
truth in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and its
grotesque caricatures of the conditions of
slavery.

But after we have conceded this much, we
find endless exaggeration, and it is the exag-
geration that hurts the cause of true sup-
pression of immorality. We are not going
to minimize the "world's oldest profession"
with pitiful tales of girls kidnapped for
heinous purposes. We need to get at the
base of the social evil, and to remember that
it is just that—a "social" evil.

The effective remedy is education, educa-
tion of the young particularly, and of those,
too, of mature age. The things we are striv-
ing to strike is of centuries' growth. It rises

in primitive instincts. We must retrace our
steps, and re-educate boy and girl, man and
woman, to see holier things in the relations
of the sexes. We must be more candid with
our children. We have been too prudish.
We must muzzle the cranks. We must make
the enthusiasts hitch their enthusiasm to
plows and not aeroplanes, those things which
are realizable, and not to quick and quack
panaceas.

There is a world-wide agitation against the
social evil, and the white slave phrase simply
is an offshoot. Civilization is waking up to
its neglect and trying to grope toward a so-
lution. The white slave propaganda will
help, rather than harm. But it must not be
allowed to obscure the more fundamental fea-
tures. That spells failure.

The Gains of Inventors
THE other day a young man received a
check for the tidy sum of \$300,000 as the
purchase price of an invention he had
perfected, and promptly there has been more
or less of a song of joy to the effect that
this is the golden age for inventors.
While it is quite true that inventors make
more money to-day than they have ever done
before, the cause for that wholesome condi-
tion is probably to be found in the fact that
there are more of them, mechanical industry
is infinitely wider in extent and complicated
in degree than ever before in the world's
history.

The inventor, even in this twentieth cen-
tury, has no short or easy road to wealth,
even if his device is needed and practicable.
He still has to face all the pitfalls that con-
fronted his brethren of an earlier day.
patent is a better protection to him in these
times of open trials, but if he is not a busi-
ness man his invention can and is being
taken away from him, and the fruits of his
brain go to fill alien pockets. It was always
so—the man who combined business sense
with inventive faculty made money; the
dreamy and impractical possessor of applied
ingenuity did not.

Inventors are, perhaps better off to-day
in the opportunities for profitable employ-
ment given them by large corporations, which
maintain staffs of "researchers" who experi-
ment and study together, so that new devices
may be discovered or old ones improved.
But this is not the inventor of the old or
present school. Doubtless for many years
to come the world will be indebted for new
things to the solitary men who bend over a
homemade lathe and who pursue their idea
through hunger and poverty.

Wife Must Consent to Husband's Enlistment
THE Canadian government has placed a
heavy burden on the married women of
Canada in requiring that before married men
can be accepted for enlistment, they must
produce the written consent of their wives
to their departure for Europe to participate
in the war. As between their patriotism and
their fears that they will never see their men
again, the Canadian women must be cruelly
torn.

But it is probably safe to say that every
man that wants to go to the front will be
able to get his wife's consent. All history
proves that women are not wont to hold
their husbands back when love of country
calls, or seems to call, to them to shoulder a
musket.

The order issued by the Canadian military
authorities is interesting in these feminist
days, as proving that a democratic country
can recognize officially that women are to be
considered even in time of war. One can-
not imagine autocratic Europe permitting
wives to exercise what might amount to an
effective check in recruiting activities, be-
cause that might make war impossible. And,
while the military needs of Canada do not
compare with those of the nations of Con-
tinental Europe, still the Canadians have
proven that the position of women in a
democracy is infinitely stronger than it has
ever been under an autocracy.

A Monopoly—Or Just Reliable?
RIVAL news agencies of the Associated
Press and of the International News
Service have been indulging in the rather
ghoulish pastime of boasting that they "beat"
the A. P. and the International by several
hours in their accounts of the death of the
Pope.

Now the defense of the news agencies
which did not send news of the Pope's death
until Thursday night, though others sent it
on Thursday afternoon, is that, as a matter
of fact, the Pope did not die until 10:20
o'clock Thursday night, and that those who
sent out the news earlier sent an account of
the fact before it took place. In reply, the
boasters say that, though official announce-
ment was not made until night, death really
occurred early in the afternoon.

Whichever be the truth, the New York
Evening Sun finds one of the braggers itself
in this position. It must either confess that
the Associated Press, which it is suing as a
monopoly, was beaten by hours on the great-
est news story of the week, and, therefore,
is not a monopoly, or that it was not beaten,
and is more reliable than the news service,
which supplies the Evening Sun. If it was
beaten it is not in restraint of trade; if it
is in restraint of trade, the others faked the
news of the Pope's death. Which horn will
the Sun grasp?

Naturally, Lillian Russell is pained over
her daughter's latest marriage. Competition
even from one's daughter is not pleasurable.

If you have a few minutes, pity New York.
The beer glasses are shrinking, and the
Braves are knocking spots out of the Giants.

We have heard from Watson and poet
Laurent What's-His-Name, but are still com-
pelled to print Kipling's old stuff.

The opening of the Panama Canal does not
figure as prominently in the news as it will
in the development of the world.

As war is expensive, Canada is probably
sending those million bags of flour so that
England may have the dough.

Last report was that Governor Bleasdale
had mobilized and would maintain a strictly
offensive neutrality.

The college debating societies will soon be
pointing out that the war began when they
weren't on the job.

Emperor Francis Joseph is having quite a
celebration for his eighty-fourth birthday.

Japan has its own notions of what constitu-
tions "advise."

Good old "Regret to report" will soon be
in our midst.

Been a great season for ultimatums.

And perhaps Sherman never said it.

WAYSIDE CHATS WITH OLD VIRGINIA EDITORS

"No, thank you," says the Lawrenceville News:
"We do not care at this time to be 'Down Where
the Wurtzberger Flows.'" Thus doth the feat of
war triumph even over the ruling passion.

"The way the European armies are hitting it
up it takes about \$6,000,000 a day to pay the
piper. At 'five per' that would buy more than
100,000,000 ice-cold drinks." What'd ye mean,
ice-cold drinks?

"Norfolk is the pride of Virginia," says the
Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch. Oh, very well; but
it doesn't do to hate yourself too much.

"Let us answer the question by returning a
Republican House of Representatives," says the
Tazewell Republican. Sleep on, be, sleep on,
the alarm clock won't ring until November. In
the meanwhile, pleasant dreams.

The Chase City Progress says perhaps it will
never enlighten its editorial columns by the use
of a serial story. Begging pardon of the Nor-
folk Virginian-Pilot for infringing upon its
prerogatives, we quote: De gustibus non est
disputandum.

The Scottsville Enterprise is righteously
indignant. "And now the price of print paper
is floating around in the clouds," it says. "We
are mad—mad clear through—and we hope the
whole European bunch gets soundly thrashed,
every one of 'em."

This from the hypercritical Halifax Gazette:
"He has sent the dove out of the ark in search
of dry land—God sped its return with an olive
branch," said Secretary Bryan agent President
Wilson's offer of mediation to the warring
powers. If Brother Wayside doesn't mind, we
should like to remark that the above is our
idea of a poor metaphor. At least, Mr. Bryan
didn't do anything about sending head upon
the waters, or remembering the recent criticism
of our Mexican policy, remark that he had
poured oil upon the heads of the critics.

While we are on this subject, and in as much
as the Gazette neither hesitates to criticize nor
minds being criticized, what about the use of
"above" as a noun? Would you say "the
below"?

The Farmville Herald suggests "The Flight
of Fieids" as a good name for the war in
Europe. That is open to the objection of lacking
in distinctness. Most wars might be called that.

Quoting a long list of desirables who might
be sent to war without loss if the government
could just pick its men, the Houston Record-
Advertiser suggests the addition of "several
regiments each of town-knockers, merchants
who advertise in gossips." Gossips?
Is nobody, then, to stay at home?

"Where is the man?" asks the Altavista
Journal, speculating on the European war. Lord
Kitchener is our guess.

The Emporia Independent says that "hundreds
of men will go to war and march and sweat
and fight all day and call it glory," but that "if put
to work in the cornfield, they would desert at
the first sound."

Die Wacht Am Rhein.
A voice resounds like thunder-peal,
Mid dashing waves and clang of steel;
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?

CHORUS.
Dear Fatherland, no danger thine;
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With flail love their bosoms swell,
They'll guard the sacred landmarks well!

The dead of a heroic race
From heaven look down and meet their gaze;
They swear with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,
Be German as this breast of mine!"

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy food,
While life rests in patriot hand—
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine;
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

THE LAST WAR.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir:—The name for the war now devastating
Europe cannot be given now, but I am so bold
as to predict the name by which it will be
known in future ages. It will be "The Last
War."
Norfolk, Va., August 21. PACIFICIST.

Presidential Vote in 1912.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir:—What was the popular vote for Presi-
dent Wilson, ex-Presidents Taft and Roosevelt in
1912?
Sault, Ste-Marie, Ontario, August 18.

[Wilson, 6,291,776; Roosevelt, 4,166,247; Taft,
3,481,119; Debs, 826,038; Chaslin, 174,159; Reimer,
19,099.—Ed.]

Russian Slaves.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir:—I have been advised that in the article
which appeared under my name in The Times-
Dispatch of August 17 the expression "Slaves"
has been used by me as a general term. This
was a mistake, as I should have written
"Russian Slaves" who form a very distinct
branch of the Slav race. It is well known to
me that there is a great difference between the
Russian Slaves and the Bohemia Slavs or Czechs,
as, e. g., that the latter in Bohemia is only
about 1 per cent, while in Russia it is nearly
62 per cent.

I regret that this mistake slipped in, and
trust that my Bohemian friends of the Slav
race will pardon it as unintentional.
Richmond, August 22. C. L. DRÖSTE.

Revolutionary War Records.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir:—The United States government desires to
ascertain the whereabouts of all original records,
both military and naval, relating to the Ameri-
can Revolutionary War, 1775 to 1783. It is
believed that many such records are in the
hands of private owners as well as in official
archives and libraries. It is not desired to
purchase these papers, but to obtain a complete
list of them and their location, with a view to
publication. The task of gathering this informa-
tion in Virginia has been placed in the hands of
Mr. Morgan P. Robinson, of Richmond, and Mr.
J. H. Lindsay, of Charlottesville.

All persons having knowledge of the existence
of such records are requested to write to Morgan
P. Robinson, Historian for War and Navy
Departments, care State Library, Richmond, Va.,
giving a short description of the documents and
the location of their "own" or
custodian.
H. C. CLARK,
Washington, August 15, Director.

State and City Government by Commission.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir:—There is at present a strong tendency
towards abolishing the present State and
municipal governments, and substituting there-
for the commission form.

The advocates of the commission form of
government for States contend that the present
State Legislatures are incompetent and corrupt
to such an extent that the only means of
purifying them is their abolition. They apparently
attribute the desuetude into which many Legis-
latures have fallen, entirely to the form of
government, without taking into consideration
neglect and indifference on the part of the
voting public, and declare that the panacea for

the various ills is taking the reins of govern-
ment away from the many and placing them in
the hands of the few. They point out instances
where the commission form has been tried in
cities and has succeeded, arguing that if success-
ful in cities, it must be advantageous for
States.

But viewed from all sides, the new system
does not appear so favorably, nor does the old
one seem so inadequate. It is undeniably true
the commission form has shown a vast improve-
ment over the old aldermanic rule in many cities
where it has been tested. But even if it is
successful in towns, there is a great difference
between a municipality, where the population is
concentrated within an area of a few square
miles, and a State, where it is scattered over
many thousands. In the former, the law-makers
are subject to the constant and direct personal
surveillance of the people, but in the latter this
is impossible. Consequently, it would seem
unwise to concentrate control in the hands of
those who, in all probability, have the welfare
of only a small proportion at heart.

In regard to the centering of responsibility,
which they so heartily endorse, this seems
paradoxical, since the prime object of a democ-
racy is to place the power in the hands of the
people themselves. It would be useless to argue
that responsibility and power do not go hand
in hand. Where one exists, the other must be
also to exactly the same degree.

But if the State governments are necessarily
incompetent and subject to corruption, why is
not the national government, conducted along
precisely the same lines, likewise inefficient and
useless? And if such be true, our present
methods of administration must shortly be
destroyed, and the Constitution abrogated. The
concentration of power into a few hands, against
which we have fought since the signing of the
Declaration of Independence, with all its
attendant evils, will at last have the license of
law.
Greenwood, Va., August 20. A LAYMAN.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

Paw's Definition.
Willie—Paw, what is a hesperocid husband?
Paw—A man whose nose is in his wife's
name, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Scientific.
Tramp—In giving me a meal, bdy, you will
be not only doing me a good turn; you will be
assisting nature.
Ldy—How do you make that out?
Tramp—Nature abhors a vacuum, bdy.—Sport-
ing Times.

The Flinching Touches.
"Mother," said Tommy, "I saw a man making
a horse at the blacksmith's shop to-day."
Mother—Why, my dear boy, that is impossi-
ble. Tommy—Well, he had him pretty nearly all
done when I came. He was just nailing some-
thing on his hind foot.—Exchange.

Purpose of Pyramids.
"It is thought that the pyramids were built
for the sake of giving employment to a large
number of people."

"Of course," replied the vivaciously positive
girl. "Anybody could depend on them for a living."
Washington Star.

Suffragette Ship.
"The liner she's a lady, and if a war should
come,
The Man-of-War's 'er husband, and 'ed bid 'er
stay at home!"

But now she is a militant, with guns along
'er rail,
And the female of the species is as deadly as
the male.
—Boston Transcript.

The Fan.
Most baseball dope is soporific.
Fans to beguile and fools to begay;
Infused with hope is a specific
Until boots root a yame away.

The sport, all know, has many angles
That raise a shout and stir the blood,
But while some players may wear spangles,
Some others should convey the hood.

Your fan, though, never loses ardor.
And for defeat can find a cause;
He always "bats" and "hits" the harder,
And ready is with his "beeswax."
—J. A. Waldron, in Judge.

THE PUBLIC PULSE

Editorial Expressions From Leading
Newspapers

Re Suits Japan.
The Kaiser's determination to hold
Kiauchau against the Japanese has probably
aroused no heart burnings at Tokyo. The
discovery that the fortifications about Kiauchau
operations on a large scale by Japan have
become necessary has also its fair measure of
satisfaction for the Mikado's ministers. An
abstract of the Kaiser would remove
force into changing. A victory in Kiauchau
would make it embarrassing for the
Japanese to retain a strong force on Chinese
soil. But a stiff fight, involving possibly a
large number of soldiers and calling for the
presence of an army corps or two, is a situation
the Japanese would regard with complacency.
New York Evening Post.

The Length of Wars.
Older are quoted as saying in London that the
war will be over by the first of the year. That
would permit five months of fighting. It is all
a guess. Other wars afford little precedent,
for never before has war been so extensive or
engaged in of so vast a scale.

The Crimean War lasted nearly a year and a
half. But of this time the siege of Sebastopol
occupied eleven months, and the result was not
decisive in itself. The campaign of France and
Prussia against Italy lasted only two months
in 1859. The Prussian war on Austria known as
"the Seven Weeks' War." The Franco-
Prussian War lasted about six months, but it
was virtually decided at the beginning of the
siege of Paris, which came only two months
after the declaration of war. The Russo-
Turkish War lasted nine months, the Boer War
nearly three years, although the most important
fighting was over in a year, and the Japanese-
Russian War a year and a half.—Kansas City
Star.

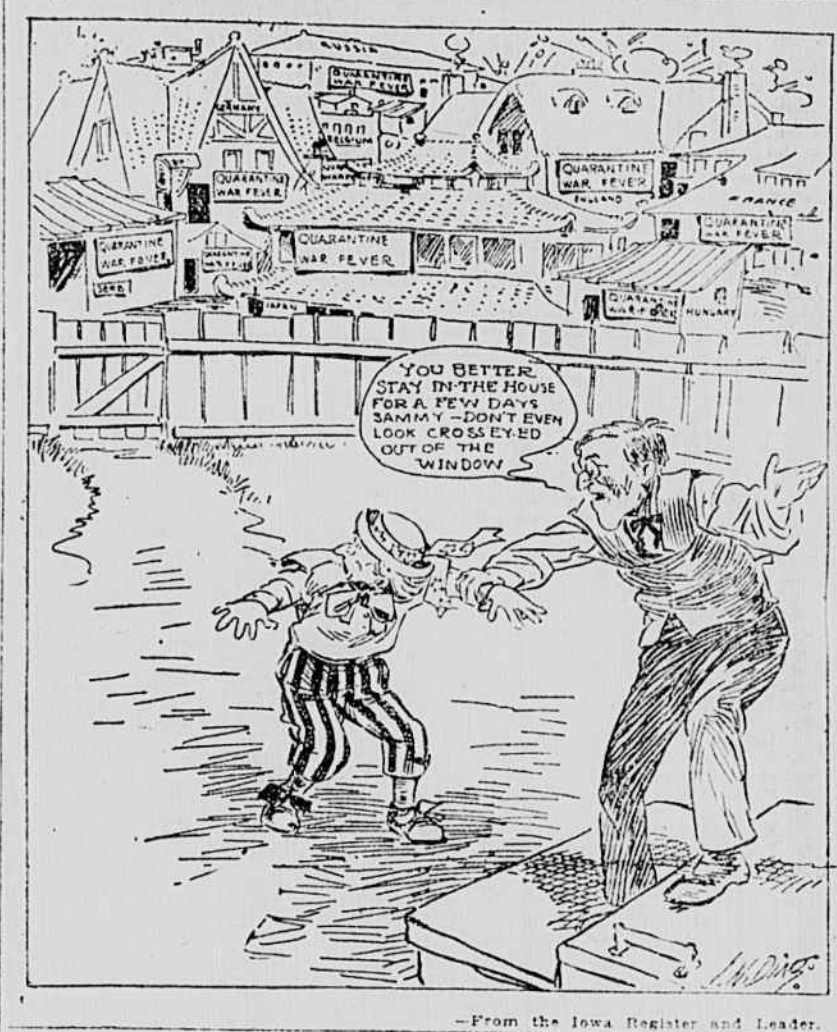
Hoke Smith's Re-Election.
Hoke Smith's re-election in Georgia has been
concededly expected. So long as the fight
between Mr. Smith and Little Joe Brown was
confined to Georgia politics, the Cracker voters
were quite ready to try first one and then the
other. But the Georgians, for all the excitement
which usually characterizes their political cam-
paigns, are accustomed to exercise more sanity
in their politics than they are commonly credited
with. The overwhelming vote for Smith con-
firmed a fight in which the "nigger" bogey was
worked for all it was worth by the Brown
people, and in which the most persistent effort
was made to discredit Hoke Smith's efforts in
behalf of Southern farmers. But Hoke Smith
has been one of President Wilson's most loyal
supporters and the advantage of having at the
national capital a Senator in full sympathy with
the administration indubitably influenced many
former supporters of Little Joe Brown to vote
for Smith on Wednesday.—Charleston News and
Courier.

Political Futurism.
Five hundred years ago China dominated the
East. In 1492, a blissful ignorance. To-day
Arthur M. Wheeler, professor of history at Yale
University from 1868 to 1911, predicts that 500
years hence there will be no British, no Ameri-
can, no German governments. They will have
vanished, because China and Japan and India
will have fused their forces.

Historically speaking, the prediction is possi-
ble. Race supremacy moves in cycles, and the
Eastern cycle is due. All the Occident takes
remember our too much to heart. We cannot
forget that the world has been going on a long, long time.

Practically speaking, we think the professor
is talking nonsense, not because of the superior
intelligence or otherwise of the Occident, but
because of the new world which the world
neighborhood has put in the Orient.—Columbia
State.

THE INFECTED NEIGHBORHOOD



The Trey O' Hearts

Romantic Tale by Louis Joseph Vance

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

By arrangement with the Universal Film
Manufacturing Company, is published in the
Times-Dispatch and also to see it in pictures at
the Supreme Theatre, starting at seven o'clock
every night. The story of the heart is the
"death fight" of the heart. The story of the
private war which through his daughter,
Judith, a young woman of violent temper,
he waged against Alan Law, whose father
now dead, Time held responsible for the ac-
cident which made him a helpless cripple.
Law saves Rose Trine, his enemy's daughter,
twin sister of Judith, and has been obliged
back to the country by the marriage of a
rose, the token of affection between him and
the Trine. Under dramatic circumstances
Rose saved the life of Judith and she falls
in love with him and later nurses him
in the hospital where he lies. But Law remains
faithful to Rose, who, learning of her
father's treachery, sets out in search of
him. She finds him after Judith has de-
parted, and she and the captain over-
come the obstacles and are married. Law
receives the death sign again
while on the train. He therefore determines
to proceed by water, and charter the Sea-
venture, Captain Barcus of the Seaventure,
Alan and Rose from England. Law goes to
the hotel for Rose. The girl meets him in
the lobby and they get aboard the ship
and out of Portland harbor. Alan dis-
covers that Judith tricked him and took
Rose's place. He makes the captain over-
board. Alan interrupts and Judith is put
into the dingy and cast adrift.

CHAPTER XV.—JUDITH'S LEGACY.
Then, surely, it would be unkind of
us to keep you longer from your
friends," Alan observed. "And it would
save us some trouble—yourself includ-
ed—if you'll be good enough to step
into the dory without a struggle."
The content of her eyes played like
lightning round his devoted head for a
moment. Then, without a word, Judith
stepped to the rail, and as Barcus
luffed, swung herself overboard into the
dory.

Immediately Alan cast off, and as the
little boat sheered off, Barcus, with a
sigh of relief, brought the Seaventure
once more back upon her course.
For some few minutes there was
silence between the two men, while the
tender dropped swiftly astern, the woman
plying a brisk pair of oars.
Then suddenly elevating his nose,
Barcus said in a low, hoarse voice, "I
sharply," "believe me for a minute, will
you?" "I want to go forward and have
a look at that motor."

In the time that he remained invis-
ible, Barcus decided the fisherman luffed,
picked up the dory and its occupant,
and came round again in open chase
of the Seaventure.
When Barcus reappeared it was with a
grave face.
"The devil and the deep sea," he ob-
served obscurely, coming aft, from all
their works, good Lord deliver us!"
"What's the trouble now?"
"Nothing much—only your playful
friend has been up to another of
her little hearted tricks. What if
you should happen to lose your motor,
anything hot to eat when you go below,
just find a mirror and kiss yourself
good-by before striking the match. The
rain-cocks of both fuel tanks have
been opened, and there are upward of
150 gallons of highly explosive gaso-
line sloshing round in the bilge!"

He cast a shrewd eye aloft and
astern. "Stop where you are," he said,
and let her come up only when I give
the word. I'm going to let out those
reefs. The wind's falling and we can
stand more sail—and there's no telling
how much longer the motor will keep
going. It looks to me as if we were up
against it—especially if your lady friend
isn't satisfied. Which, from the way
that fisherman sticks to us, doesn't
seem likely."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Barcus indul-
gently, breaking a long silence. "Very
interesting—very interesting, indeed.
I've seldom listened to a lady argu-
ing history, my poor young
friend. But I tell you candidly, as
man to man, I don't believe one word
of it. It's all damn foolishness!"
His voice took on a plaintive accent.

"The Destruction of the Sea Venture."
sharp silhouette against